

# PLAIN TALK.

VOL. IV.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1886.

NO. 3





## THE SKYLARK CLAIM.

BY OSCAR H. LEAR.

## CHAPTER III.

Roger Kendal recognized the name at once, and knew that the letter that he had found was a communication from this condemned man. He recognized, too, that it was his duty to use his best efforts to see that the letter reached the person for whom it was intended, and to that end he brought out the torn fragments again for another examination.

Informed as he now was of the execution of the writer, it was easier to understand portions of the letter that before had been unintelligible to him.

The reference to his "having to go" seemed to indicate that at the time of writing he was under sentence and had given up hope of pardon or escape and with the words immediately following, "So I guess you are looking for this," it was implied that the person to whom it was written, if previously acquainted with the fate of the writer, was expecting the arrival of the letter.

But the main feature of the letter seemed to be the "Skylark," and the testimony of the writer that it was "a good thing," and his desire for "Jim" to get it, was evidence that he thought it of value.

Kendal considered this opinion further justified by his conclusion in regard to the "duvtales."

Titus Serven was glad that "Jim" had received the first one all right, and so sent the second, with the final injunction to put them together.

Plainly enough if the first was of no greater coherency than the second, neither was of value alone, while together they might tell the secret of the Skylark, so Kendal resolved to quietly set to work and see if he could find "Jim," and while perhaps doing him a valuable service in the delivery of the letter, satisfy his own curiosity at the same time.

How to begin this self appointed task puzzled him somewhat, and he strolled out into the street with the matter still in mind. But the beginning was close at hand. It stared him right in the face as he turned aimlessly from the main street into a little side road that led off toward the mills at the mouth of one of the mines.

A white sign extended over the path, and bore in red letters the words:

.....  
: "PALLIS SALOON BY OLD MAN POLLOCK." :  
: ..... :

Kendal started. The name seemed as familiar to him as if he had known its owner. Here was the man who perhaps could give him information

that would lead to the proper delivery of the letter. He pushed open the door of the board shanty and entered the "Pallis Saloon."

A prodigal display of tinsel, colored paper and glassware somewhat hid the rudeness of the structure, but the properties of a palace were still lacking.

A large red faced man sat in a large chair by the window, deep in the perusal of newspaper.

"Are you Mr. Pollock?" asked Kendal.

"Not for twenty years have I been Mr. Pollock," answered the red face, without rising, I am 'Old Man Pollock' and rejoice exceedingly in the cognomen. If you are a cultured man, as by your appearance you seem to be, I will ask you my question and register your reply as number 688. First, have you read "Hamlet?" Yes; well then, why is it that they said the owl was a baker's daughter?" "Really" said Kendal, amused at this sudden query, "I can't exactly say."

"I thought not" said the red face, and pulling out a blank book, laboriously set down in pencil, "688 don't know," and replaced the book in his pocket. "Now to business," said he, "and what Old Man Pollock knows he's ready to tell. The dissemination of intelligence is one of the grandest privileges of man, and you don't have the look of having come in for a drink."

"What I want to inquire about is the matter of Titus Serven; you knew him perhaps?"

"Knew him, yes, and he no more killed Sampson King than you did; it was a crime to hang him."

"Did he ever live in this town?" asked Kendal.

"Yes, in this house," said Pollock, "when he was here, but he was mostly in the mountains prospecting, and he was clever at that; here are some specimens of his," and Pollock brought forth from behind the bar a wooden box filled with mineral specimens, mostly of gold-bearing quartz. There were several pieces, the richness of which appealed even to the unpracticed eye, and Kendal expressed his admiration of them, and inquired where they came from.

Pollock lay back in his chair and laughed heartily. "There my fund of information lacks," he said "as yours did when I asked you why they said the owl was a baker's daughter, and I echo your reply 'I can't exactly say,' why sir, they are from the Skylark Claim."

"And did Titus Serven bring them to you?" said Kendal with suppressed anxiety.

"Not exactly brought them," said Pollock "sent them, rather; Jim Gowen brought them."

"Where is Jim Gowen, where can I find him?" asked Kendal quickly.



"What do you want to see him about?" asked Pollock.

"To deliver news of the Skylark."

"You can never do it. He was killed in the Blue Vision shaft four days ago."

Kendal was astounded at the news.

So shortly after setting out upon the search to find so valuable a clue to the mystery of the letter, and then so suddenly to lose it irrecoverably, was disheartening indeed.

For the moment it seemed to him that the death of Jim Gowen put an effectual end to any hope he might have had of attaining further knowledge of the Skylark Claim, for plainly, the secret lay now between two dead men, and although Kendal was in possession of a fragment of knowledge, the present state of affairs showed him more clearly than ever how useless it was to him unaided by something further.

"Was Jim a friend of yours?" said Pollock, who had resumed his chair during Kendal's cogitations.

"Not exactly that, but I would like to have seen him, and I think it would have been worth his while to have met me. It was only a matter of business between us. Do you know where he lived?"

"Of course. If eating and sleeping at a certain place fixed it as a man's residence, you may say that Jim lived at Wiupater's, but if you want to discover the abode that his affections twined themselves about, why, its walls surround you. Jim spent most of his time here. He called me the Genial Patriarch, he did, and we were good friends."

"Suppose that he was in possession of any papers at the time of his death, where is it likely they would be found?" asked Kendal.

"What was in his pockets when they brought him in here, I've got them all safe," answered Pollock.

"Is there anything among them, any particular paper I mean, that you can't understand?"

"What makes you think there is?"

"I didn't say I thought so; I asked you if there was," replied Kendal.

"No, there is nothing of the sort; what papers there are, are plain reading," answered Pollock with an inquiring look.

"Nothing at all about anything like dovetail?" suggested Kendal.

"Not a word," said Pollock, "and I know he didn't take any stock in it, so it aint likely he would have any writing to do about it."

"Why, what did he know about it?"

"Well, Curtis and him were friends and Curtis told him all about the letter, but he didn't have much faith in it, Gowen didn't. But Curtis, hav-

ing done Tite Serven a good turn once, up at Bridger's when he was flat broke and starving almost, was sure it meant something, but as far as I know it never has amounted to anything yet. I understood that when Serven was hung it was time to look for another letter, but I haven't seen it, and I guess it never came, for Jim always had me direct them again; you see he wasn't much at writing."

"Direct them again, what do you mean?"

"Why direct them to Curtis, of course, who else; Serven, you see, used to direct them to Curtis in care of Jim Gowen, seeing how Curtis was away prospecting so much of the time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### AN ODE.

When we nod our heads and smile,  
Then it is the Crocodile  
Into himself the vile  
Poems by the mile,  
Enough to "rile"  
An imbecile,  
Doth pile,  
"He!"

KY. JEANS.

MR. JEANS:—You will find bill for above in the cashier's hands and unless settled otherwise, amount will be deducted from your salary on pay-day. For reading notices we charge 15 cents per line. Your bill for 10 lines amounts to \$1.50.

P. T. PUB. CO.

#### A FEW COLD FACTS.

Hail to thee! O, Bleak December,—Hail! Glorious month of church fairs and colds in the head, we bid thee welcome! Come, chilly December—bane of the Coney Island knick-knack pedlar, but harvest of the festive stove dealer, coal fiend, and weather-strip man; come and straightway fill their coffers.

March on, march on, thou time of bitter blasts,—although thou canst not subdue the diabolical whistling telegraph boy, and prevent him from sifting "Sweet Violets" around, thou hast the power to deposit stalactites on the beard of the bummer, e'en though he have a breath which is strong enough to knock out Sullivan.

Come, Wintry weather, time when the sons of sunny Italy roast and sell the chestnuts—but chestnuts are barred out.

WIN. OOSKIE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow." Large returns from small ads in PLAIN TALK are sure to follow. Try it.



CHARLIE'S CHRISTMAS;  
—OR—  
A YOUNG DOUBTER CONVERTED.

BY JASPER LITTLEFIELD.

Unlike most boys of his age, Charlie was a disbeliever in the existence of that mysterious personage known as Santa Claus. His two brothers one older and one younger than himself, more like children in general, had learned to think of old St. Nicholas as the great benefactor of all children, and they loved to hear their mother talk about him. But Charlie belonged to that exceptional class of Young Americans who learn to reason and think for themselves at an early age, and consequently, when he looked up the chimney and saw the clear sky above, he refused to believe the story of Santa Claus having a receptacle built in the chimney in which to store his gifts for the children of that household. Moreover, he had seen men build houses and they always made the chimneys too small for Santa Claus, as he was a fat man.

Again he saw pictures of Santa Claus riding over the tops of houses in a sleigh drawn by reindeer; but as he had never seen a reindeer, and had come to the conclusion, after standing fifteen minutes in the street, gazing at the tops of the houses in the neighborhood, that no horse—much less a reindeer—could climb to the top, he shook his head in doubt.

The howling of the wind was nothing but wind to him, and the belief his brothers had that it was the voice of old St. Nicholas in the chimney, scolding Charlie for doubting, was treated with great contempt by the young gentleman.

When the father took his three sons around to the popular toy store, and showed them the great Saint himself, standing amidst bushels of pretty toys, with a well filled bag upon his back, and while hundreds of little children, with joyful faces were looking at old Santa Claus, who was smiling down upon them, Charlie pulled his father by the coat-tail saying: "Come on dad, you can't fool me with a stuffed man."

When his brothers would go to the fire-place and call up the chimney for what they wanted, Charlie would take a big stick and hit the inside of the chimney, at the same time saying: "I can fight you Santa Claus; you ain't anybody. Who's afraid?"

But it was the night before Christmas and Charlie's brothers had early hung their stockings by the chimney, while Charlie indulged in all sorts of threats against Santa Claus, and gathered about

him such weapons as a broom-stick, poker, coal shovel, pieces of firewood, a stair-rod, and a bed-slat, and said, that if Santa Claus did come, though he knew he wouldn't, he would show him what he could do.

His father had listened with something between pride and displeasure, pride in his boy's refusal to believe against his convictions and displeasure at his disposition to fight—and presently he went out of the room.

To prove to his innocent brothers that he knew there was no such being as Santa Claus, Charlie opened the fireplace and loudly dared Santa Claus or any other man to come down.

No sooner had he said this, and while looking up, the mouth of the chimney was darkened by some figure, and immediately something rattled down the chimney striking Charlie on the head.

In he bounced like a flash, and hearing other noises, no less convincing, he was full of apologies for having done and said what he did against old Santa Claus, whose existence he had so resolutely refused to believe. His brothers began to chafe him and took questionable pleasure out of the belief that they, having been good, would get lots of good things from Santa Claus while Charlie would get—left.

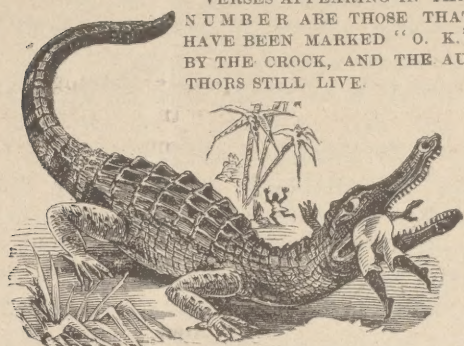
Tears filled his eyes and he besought his mother to intercede for him, and promised if he only was forgiven this time he would never say aught against Santa Claus again. Suffice it to say that his mother did intercede for him and called to St. Nicholas that Charlie would be a good boy hereafter and she hoped that he would not pass his stocking by without putting something in it. Charlie dared not expect too much; he got out his smallest stocking and said if Santa Claus should but half fill it he would be satisfied. They all went to bed and huddled together with their heads filled with visions of the good things in store for them on the morrow. Charlie was the last to get up the next morning and wore an anxious look as he approached the mantel shelf. Imagine his astonishment when he found that Santa Claus had not only filled his stocking to the very top, but that the good things overflowed on the mantel, and on the chairs, and on the floor, and little Charlie fared not one bit less than his brothers, thanks to the great goodness of Santa Claus.

What's the matter with sending your subscription to us now, and while you think of it, send along one for your cousin, nephew, niece, or friend. They'll appreciate it. Only 50 cents per year, in advance.



VIVID VERSES.

VERSES APPEARING IN THIS  
NUMBER ARE THOSE THAT  
HAVE BEEN MARKED "O. K."  
BY THE CROCK, AND THE AU-  
THORS STILL LIVE.



Our office Crocodile,  
From the banks of river Nile,  
Picks out poems that are vile,  
And hangs them nicely on the file,  
Till he's gathered quite a pile;  
Then, with sweet sagacious smile,  
His spare moments to beguile,  
He eats them in his customary style.

A CHRISTMAS MOAN.

Christmas comes but once a year and yet  
Everytime it comes I'm deep in debt,  
Children small all clamoring for toys  
How am I to satisfy the boys?

Fred's expecting Santa Claus to bring  
A kit of tools, and Nellie wants a ring,  
Mamma's long been hinting for a clock,  
So pa will have to journey to the hock.

It's rather cold to wake up Christmas morn  
And think one's heavy overcoat's in pawn,  
I hear old Winter's marrow-chilling moan,  
And yet I must negotiate the loan.  
For Ma will have the clock and Nell her ring  
And Papa must go shivering 'till Spring.

WIN OOSKIE.

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The paragrapher stands,  
And catches every nut that falls  
With his uplifted hands.

He vexes not his brain with thought,  
Nor burns the midnight taper,  
But lugs his load of chestnuts home  
And prints them in his paper.

The Sunday schools are filling up  
With children big and small,  
Because they know on Christmas eve  
They'll make a candy haul.

A little 2 line ad., at a cost of ten cents, netted  
J. W. Tidswell, Ann Arbor, Mich., \$1.40 within  
ten days after PLAIN TALK was issued. Write him  
for results.

A WINTRY BLAST.

The wicked Wintry weather tells to me a horrid tale;  
Hot drinks or social confab will me no more regale;  
Imprudent have I been, I know, for rumors are afloat  
That I am really daily seen without my overcoat.

Kind friends of mine they meet me and impress me  
with the fact,  
That the Wintry winds are cold and surely I should have  
more tact;  
But I ring the bell most merrily at walnuts so remote,  
And curse the green-eyed monster who retains my over-  
coat.

I laid away the garment in the sunny days of May,  
But thought not for a moment that so long it there  
would stay;  
The collar is of seal-skin—on this I used to dote—  
I'd serve full fifteen days in jail to get that overcoat.

Last New Year's Day the coat and I, we called upon  
some friends,  
And every one made some remark about those seal  
skin ends;  
But now these people whisper "He's an ordinary bloat"—  
I'm ruined if I fail in getting out that overcoat.

Grieved am I to think that I should ever come to this;  
Deprived of all society, comfort, warmth and bliss,  
But I'll work the blackmail racket, to the Jew I'll write  
a note.

"Three hundred thousand dollars—or give up the over-  
coat."

DINKPAN.

A MORAL FABLE.

A righteous little Angle-worm  
While school-ward bound one day,  
Soliloquizing as he went,  
Thus to himself did say:

"How fair the paths of rectitude,  
How peaceful duty's ways,  
What satisfaction can there be  
To him who from them strays."

"With what delight I hasten on  
To promptly reach the school,  
Ah, never will I truant play  
And break the teachers rule."

A truant boy that selfsame morn  
A day of sport had planned,  
And as he gaily sped along  
With fishing rod in hand.

He spied the little angle-worm  
And, mournful to relate,  
The lad appropriated it  
For future use as bait.

And doubly cruel was its end  
For when they reached the brook  
By force of arms, against its will  
The worm went "on the hook."

OSCAR H. LEAR.



## DOINGS IN DARKTOWN.

MEMBERS OF THE WAYUP COLORED LITERARY UNION.  
 POTASSIUM SMITH, President. SAWBUCK BROWN, Secretary.  
 LEVIN CRIPPEN, 1st Vice-Pres't. CONTRACTOR SHARP, Treasurer.  
 TARTARIC RAGG, 2d. OBJECTOR CRUTCH, Seg't-at-Arms



For several months the Wayup Colored Literary Union, whose meetings were chronicled in this paper, has been in a state of *inocuous desuetude*. It seemed impossible to revive any interest in it among the members after the set back it received over a year ago when its affairs seemed to be blossoming into fullness by the initiation of four new members but who, when

they learned that they were not to receive a feast of watermelons at every meeting, refused to ante up their initiation fees, and left in disgust, insulting and slandering the members.

The President, Mr. Potassium Smith, lately set the members and members' wives all agog with interest and excitement over it again by offering to defray all the expenses of a ball to inaugurate the revival of the association. Hence a meeting was held on Saturday night, December 11th, in Objector Crutch's cellar and was largely attended, not only by the members themselves, but their wives who had also been invited.

It seems that the honored President had struck it rich in "pocomoke" and realized a clean profit of \$75 from an investment of 25 cents, and as this association was a creature of his own founding and one in which he took a pardonable pride, he was willing to expend the entire \$75 to revive an interest in it.

On the evening in question the President was on hand early and in his happiest mood, and though his breath, as on a former occasion, flavored of gin, he had only imbibed enough to just elasticise him a little. He stood at the bottom of the cellar steps and took each member by the hand offering a hearty welcome. The ladies he conducted to private soap boxes and then, when all was ready, advanced with becoming dignity to the rostrum, or in other words, to the shutter laid across a lime barrel, elevated the gavel and said:

"Ladies and gemmen, after a relapse of seberal months, which has been 'tended by all de sister-tudes ob life, we am again 'sembled to continue de work 'bruptly broke off which de Wayup Lit-

erary Union had so ignominiously begun, (cheers.) De histen up ob de culled race in readin', writin' and de dead languages was de fust idee of dis assassernashun, and dough we cant brag so far on de advancement made, we *kin* knock de socks offen any serciety in de country if all de members will jess put dere shou'lders to de ole hoss and push." (Tremendous cheering accompanied by a scream, Mrs. Sawbuck Brown having broken through a bench and fallen into an uncovered cesspool.) "We has been kinder onfortunate heretofe" resumed the President, "dat all of der meetins has broke up in confusion at de end, but I hopes hereafter each one will blossom out brighter dan de udder. De ball, which you all knows de President am gwine to gib to de members free of charge, will come off Saturday night, January 8th. As dis meetin is only preluminous to de ball I will call on de members to tell dere sperience since last meetin! Mr. Ragg will now favor us."

"Well, ladies and gemmen, I'se been tol'able sockcessful since de lastest time we was brot togedder, in dis hon'able sanctuary. My ole 'ooman has had anodder pickerninny bo'n to de houshol', makin' ten altogedder, and one ob de chillen bab found a raccoon which sarves to pass de time away along wif whitewashing. My desire is to return gratifactions to de Presiden' fur de ball next month and hopes I see you all dar."

"Mr. Sawbuck Brown," said the President, "will now be heard from."

"Well gemmen," commenced that remnant of old Southern slave-holding times, "Ise done gone short on gittin' up in meetin' but there aint no speck of black-and-tan in dis community kin grabbel wid de English tongue like old uncle Sawbuck when he gits started on a trail. Ise 98 years old kin twang the guitar, pick de banjo, squeak de flute, rattle de tamboureen and bones and shake de fastes' leg in a break-down de oldes' chile among ye ebber seed in yer massah's barn. Jess let dis coon hear de strains ob a fiddle and ebbery bone in his body lets go. Bring on yer ball bredderen. Bring it on quick, dis ole niggah's got em, and he's got em bad." And at this he knocked away a bench, danced around like an automaton, all the time warbling:—

"Oh! Let der bells go pealin'

Niggahs all a feelin'

Happy as de birds in June;

All a trippin' o'er de flo;

With de girls a lookin' so

Airy, fairy, nimble as a coon."

The President could not help joining in the glee for awhile himself, until there was a lull in the gen-



eral commotion and then he straightened up and with his usual dignity called upon Mr. Objector Crutch.

Mr. Crutch, in whose cellar the present meeting was being held, arose and with a dignity borne of the fact that he was the proprietor of the premises said:—

"Dear brudders and sistern, I is glad ter see you ob course, but me an' my ole 'ooman cant be spected to be quite so hilariousness as de rest ob you, cause we has had more or less trubble, Mrs. Crutch came down to dis meetin' to-night, but she hadn't oughter as she hab got de brack small-pox ob de wust kind"—

It is hard to to tell *who* got out first; it never will be known. All scrambled for the cellar steps but they broke down under the great crush and each made his escape as best he could.

#### A DUDE BROKE OFF SHORT.

I stood under the porch, the other evening, entertaining Clara. I presume you know when I say Clara, to whom I allude? Well, she's my affianced, I'd have you know. Well, she's just to lovely for anything, and she thinks I'm awful smart. Well, so I am, though a few boys in the street won't believe it. Well, her lips seemed like two happy days telling pretty stories to each other,—some people think I am real poetic in my talk,—and we stood saying our good-byes, when somebody, who had been listening to our conversation, threw a rotten egg into the porch, striking me right square in the ear. It smelled awful. I think it was real mean, and if I knew who the party was that threw it, I give him a real good talking to.

Prehaps the greatest affliction that has been visited upon the stricken city of Charleston, is the opening up of the cold water geysers, caused by the earthquakes. This is really rough. If a few springs of whiskey had been developed what a recompense they would be for the losses sustained.

A little match,  
Then something catch,  
A startled tenement;  
The fire department.

Frank Forrest, 25 Conselyea St., Brooklyn, N.Y. made money by advertising in PLAIN TALK. He is out of the business now, but will answer all inquiries as to results.



#### THE CROCK. KEEPER'S SOLILOQUY

Gaze on this countenance benign,  
And all your poetic hopes resign,  
For I am, as you may opine,  
The one whose duty is to shine  
As keeper of the Crocodile.

It is my high ambition  
To better the condition  
Of the poem makers trade.  
To stop the promiscuous sending  
Of hebitudinous poems tending  
The calling to degrade.

So I unloose the fetters,  
Let him in to the letters,  
And watch him with a smile.  
No meal is more inviting,  
Nor appetite requiting,  
For the festive Crocodile.

The pup Assyrian kept by "Puck"  
To insure that journal luck,  
Or the feline of "The Sun"  
Are but parodies most vile  
On the virtuous Crocodile,  
I'm keeper of the only one.

KY. JEANS.

A NEW PRICE LIST OF STAMPS.—We are favored with the advance sheets of "A Condensed Price List of Postage Stamps," for sale by A. Lohmeyer, 933 Milton Place, Baltimore, Md. It is to be in pamphlet form, 3½x6 inches, of 24 pages and a cover. The countries are alphabetically arranged and blank memoranda pages are distributed through the pamphlet for the buyer to write his order upon, and altogether it is a neat, handy and concise work.

ANOTHER OPINION.—Mr. F. N. Massoth, Jr., Foreign stamp dealer, of Hanover Centre, Ind., writes: "I am well pleased with PLAIN TALK. My advertisement was answered by quite a number and some are good customers. I think it is one of the best advertising mediums."

Don't ask us if we take subscriptions at any time, for we do, and we are willing to accommodate you TO-DAY.



## —PLAIN TALK.—

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, AT 61½ PATCHEN AVENUE  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., BY  
PLAIN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. IN ADVANCE.					
PER ANNUM,	50 CENTS.	SIX MONTHS,	30 CENTS.		
To Foreign Countries, 75 Cents per Annum.					
ADVERTISING RATES.					
	One Month.	Two Mos.	Three Mos.	Six Mos.	One Year.
One Inch.....	\$0.75	\$1.40	\$2.00	\$3.75	\$7.00
Two Inches.....	1.45	2.60	3.80	7.30	13.50
Three Inches.....	2.05	3.90	6.60	10.60	20.00
Six Inches.....	4.00	7.50	11.00	21.25	37.00
One Column.....	5.70	10.60	15.60	30.25	55.00
Full Page.....	10.90	20.60	30.00	59.25	100.00
Advertisements to occupy less than one inch space will be charged 7 cents per line, and must be paid for in advance.					

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**Cash or Good Reference must accompany all orders for advertising.**

BROOKLYN, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1886.

December is a great month for hanging. The children all hang up their stockings and papa hangs up the toy-man and every other shopkeeper that he can.

Somebody sent our "Crocodile" a pair of ear muffs for his Christmas. We are sorry that we can not congratulate the sender upon the appropriateness of his gift. The crocodile has no use for them.

Advertisers will do themselves a good turn by studying our advertising rates. And as one good turn deserves another, turn a share of your patronage over to us. PLAIN TALK goes everywhere, and the "ads." therein are read by everybody.

There will be quite as much wine on the table on New Year's day as ever. The movement against this custom is only two or three thousand years old, and that is too short a time to expect that much headway would be made in abolishing it.

If every child in the United States, who is old enough to read and understand, should find in his stocking, on Christmas morning, a copy of PLAIN TALK for December, and a receipted bill for one year's subscription, it would be the merriest Christmas day that this country has seen for years.

We have so frequently commented upon the fact that we have given our patrons a larger paper than we promised them—the present number being the fifth enlargement since PLAIN TALK was first published—that we fear that we shall have to

let the matter go without mentioning it when our next enlargement occurs, just to save having the chestnut bell rung.

About two weeks ago a singular accident happened in the Bowery, New York. A horse which was being driven through the street, stepped on the perforated man-hole cover of a sewer and the sparks from his hoofs ignited the sewer gas which was escaping through the perforations in the cover. An explosion occurred which threw the heavy man-hole plate several feet in the air and jarred the windows in the houses all along the block. This little incident ought to be worth a good deal to an economical Administration. We can see where a few sewers brought into the service as implements of war would do away with a considerable part of our large standing army. Besides the deadly character of the weapons when fired, the mere spectacle of a few hundred men with sewers under their arms would be formidable enough to cause a panic among the soldiers of any foreign enemy.

About this time begin the secret preparations in almost every family for those pleasant little surprises that fall to the lot of most of us at Christmas, and about this time, too, less thought will be given to the wishes and tastes of the recipient than to the wishes and tastes of the giver. The fact is, nearly all holiday gifts are made with little thought for the recipients' likings. Thus we see parents making gifts of clothing to their children, as though they were not obliged to keep them covered, when they know the youngsters get more joy out of a dollar's worth of toys, candy and story books than out of a whole clothing store. People who think more of a loud necktie or a new bonnet than all the books ever printed are given an elegantly bound volume of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," which is put up on the shelf never to be looked at. Bookworms in turn are given a "howling" necktie or a pair of yellow kids. The collector who would highly prize a new album or a packet of rare stamps, or some other valuable addition to his hobby, can hardly be expected to enthuse over a new stove, rocking chair or umbrella. These are the times when happiness is supposed to be dispensed with a lavish hand, and the parents and friends of the Philatelist could not give him or her a more lasting token of friendship.

A reference to our advertising columns will aid those desiring to avail themselves of these suggestions, by furnishing the addresses of dealers in stamps, albums, and other Philatelic accessories.





A CURIO.

The only New Yorker who has not yet jumped off the Bridge. He declines to do so simply through his antipathy to water.

### PLAININGS.

BY A. SHAVER.

—Something really fine—Ten dollars or ten days.

—“They tell me that mine is an off-hand sort of a way,” said the buzz-saw.

—Turkey may not be a large empire, but her subjects were many last month.

—There’s more liberty to the square inch on Bedlow’s Island than any other place we know of.

—When you are looking for a specimen of “high art” we would advise you to take a trip to Bedlow’s Island.

—“Is burlesque opera to be renewed this Winter?” asked one club man of another. “No the same old nude,” was the reply.

—“This seems to be mighty poor land, stranger,” said a traveller to a farmer leaning on his fence. “What do you grow here?” “Grow lazy” was the response.

—“There is nothing but that has its toes in front,” exclaimed the professor to a class of students in natural history. He evidently forgot about the tug boat.

—“Hello, Smith. Just heard Brown was dead.”

“Is that so? Was it a sudden call?”

“Yes sir. And an awful hard death, too.”

“How’s that?” “Frozen stiff.”

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
Spread yourself out like like a fan,  
And hide away from Wm. Goat  
The succulent tomatus can.

—“Do you want the earth to walk on?” petulantly exclaimed a man to another who had jostled him in a crowd. “I certainly do, since I have not learned the secret of walking on air,” was the rejoinder.

—“Ma, there’s a man in the parlor with two heads on his shoulders!” exclaimed little Johnny Redhorn, rushing into the room where his mother was. “Is that so? He must be a curiosity.” “Not much of one, the other head is sister’s.”

—Please accept this crock o’ delightful butter from an appreciative reader,” was the way her note read. We sent the crocodile to interview her. All the family have left as mementos of the dear departed are a few pins, shoe buttons and a wrecked bustle. ’Tis thus we squelch punsters early in their career.

—Three Russians living near Roacoe, Dak., while going home found a bottle by the roadside which they supposed to contain alcohol, and drank it. It proved to have been aconite, and three of the Russians died from the effects.—*N. Y. Sun*. We shudder to think of the sufferings of the rest of the gang.

—“I just dropped in,” said an anxious father to our business manager the other day “to see if my son gets ahead fast in your office here.” “He got a head fast yesterday,” was the reply, “but it was the cash boy’s head, and when your son loosened his hold the cash boy had to go to the surgeon’s to have his face sewed up.

—A little Jersey City girl came running to her papa with pretty rooster’s feather which she had found, and was expatiating upon its beauty.

“How would you like to have feathers like that growing on you?” asked her papa.

After hesitating a moment, and without making a direct reply, she said, “I’d be an angel then wouldn’t I?”

### GRAND CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

—The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway announces grand first-class excursions to the Pacific Coast, leaving Chicago, December 7th, 8th, and 29th, at extremely low rates. For additional information, tickets, sleeping car accommodations, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent, or address E. A. HOLBROOK, G. T. & P. A., C. R. I. & P. Railway, Chicago, Ill.



## PROFITABLE PHILATELIC POINTS.

**INCREASE OF POSTAL REVENUE.**—Third Assistant Postmaster-General A. D. Hazen in his annual report, says that none of the sources of the postal revenue have been injuriously affected by changes during the present year. The reduction in the rate of postage on second-class matter and the increase of the unit of weight of first-class matter have been in effect since July 1, 1885, and accordingly the revenue will not suffer from these sources in the comparison of the present with the past fiscal year. On the contrary, the tendency of the ounce unit to encourage the substitution of sealed for unsealed matter will be to increase the revenue for the present year.

The revenue for the year as a whole came out \$1,387,579.12 ahead of that of the previous year, and this in spite of the loss on second-class matter and of the change of the unit of weight of first-class matter.

Additional revenues may be expected from the extension of the special delivery system, the admission of liquids as mail matter, and the important reductions in the price of stamped envelopes under contracts recently entered into.

From the tendencies shown, it is evident that with a prosperous condition in the business of the country to favorably influence the revenue and with a continued exercise of care in regulating the expenditures, the postal service will again, at no distant day, become a self-supporting institution.

\* \* \*

**NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.**—The lobby on the ground floor of the Brooklyn Post Office, on Washington street, will hereafter be kept open until 11 o'clock at night for the accommodation of the public. After 11 o'clock anybody will have an opportunity to buy postal cards, letter sheets or stamps and envelopes in the new room, in the adjoining building, where a bell has been put up which is to call the employee on duty to the window.

\* \* \*

**CATALOGUES.**—We are in receipt of three of the series of six catalogues for 1887, published by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 721 Broadway, N. Y.

"The Postage Stamp Catalogue," 48th edition, contains over two hundred pages, and gives the date of issue, color, shape, and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world; with illustrations of nearly every stamp, and the prices at which most of them can be purchased, clean or cancelled, of the company.

"The Gold and Silver Coin Catalogue" gives the market value of every American gold and silver coin, and a large number of Foreign, in various degrees of preservation, with prices charged by the publishers.

"The Copper Coin Catalogue" is equal in every respect to the book on "Gold and Silver Coins," described above. It gives a complete list of U. S. Copper Coins, including the early Colonials and all the practically obtainable ancient coins.

The other three publications are known as: "The Paper Money Catalogue," "Coin Chart Manual," and "Illustrations of Copper Coins," and any one may be had for 25 cents.

\* \* \*

**APPROVAL SHEET FRAUDS.**—As an indication of the extent to which the stealing of approval sheets is carried on, it may be remarked that Mr. G. M. Bastable, the prominent stamp dealer of Catlett, Va., has given up sending out sheets of stamps on approval owing to the large percentage of losses incurred by the failure of collectors to make returns for them.

\* \* \*

**SHERMAN THE FRAUD.**—Since our note last month exposing C. E. Sherman, of Hampton, Va., Messrs. George F. Stein & Co., of Troy, New York, have written that he has had stamps of them since June 25th and refuses to answer their letters concerning them. There can be no doubt that he deserves a place on your black list, and we hope all who read our remarks did as we advised and put his name there.

\* \* \*

**ANOTHER FRAUD.**—"I wish you would expose another party," write Messrs. Stein & Co., by the name of John F. Higgins, Ann and Van Braum streets, Pittsburg, Pa. This party procured, on August 17th, books amounting to \$8.40 and then denied receiving them, but upon investigation, in which we were aided by the postal authorities of Pittsburg, he acknowledged their receipt. Then he had the misfortune to lose them and we compromised for a certain amount. This he promised to pay October 27th, and then skipped the town; his mother so wrote saying also that he was but 15 years old, but his handwriting and style proved him to be older.

\* \* \*

**AN INVITATION.**—Mr. John M. Hubbard, of Lake Village, N. H., is about to publish the "Stamp Collectors of the World," containing the addresses of over one thousand stamp collectors in all parts of the world. If you are an active collector you are invited to send your name and address to him, and it will be inserted, free of charge.



## PLAIN TALK.



W. L. EMORY.



W. K. JEWETT.

Mr. W. L. Emory, whose likeness appears above was until about one year ago the proprietor of *The Philatelist* of Fitchburg, Mass., a stamp paper which during the year has gone out of publication. A slight outline of his career will be welcome to all. Mr. Emory has been collector since early youth and his album includes many gems seldom seen except at the sale of a large collection. He first began to deal in stamps in a small way in 1879 and rapidly increased his trade. In December 1883, he bought the *Philatelic News* from Mr. Schwartz of Philadelphia, and issued his first number in January. In its columns he persistently exposed with the aid of Mr. Jewett, the numerous dealers in counterfeits, and made the *News* take a high rank in Philatelic journalism. During this period he dealt for a short time in United States stamps at wholesale. In April, 1884, Mr. Emory disp. sed of the *News* to the publisher of the *Granite State Philatelist*. He then devoted himself entirely to the approval sheet business. In November, 1884, he commenced the *New England Philatelist*, which many of our readers may remember. On the organization of the Fitchburg Philatelic Society Feb. 6th, 1885, Mr. Emory was unanimously elected its president, which office he filled most acceptably. Having decided to leave Fitchburg in the pursuit of his advanced studies, he resigned his office and sold the *Philatelist* to Messrs. Henry and Jewett.

Mr. W. K. Jewett was connected with the *Philatelist* from the very outset, and is well known to all prominent collectors as a Philatelist of experience and one possessed of high editorial ability.

Mr. Jewett has been a collector for eight or nine years, and has the finest collection in the east. Mr. Jewett first began to write for the Philatelic papers about three years ago. When the *Philatelic News* came to Fitchburg, he was almost constantly employed on its columns. He was assistant editor of the *Philatelist* until last September, 1885. In September he, together with the late Dr. Henry bought the paper and edited it till the sad death of his partner. Mr. Jewett was active in the organization of the Fitchburg Philatelic Society, and was the united choice of all the members for secre-

tary. Since a year ago last fall he has spent much time in writing for the Philatelic press, and articles under his *nom de plume*, "Topaz," are eagerly sought for by all stamp journal.

He is now the proprietor of the *Capital City Philatelist* of Augusta, Me., the paper of which the late L. M. Hamlen was the publisher.

\* \* \*

PLAIN TALK PAYS.—Mr. L. W. Durbin, the popular stamp dealer of Fifth and Library Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:—

"I am sure my advertisement in PLAIN TALK pays. If I wasn't reasonably certain that a three months advertisement in it would be a good investment, for the amount of money it costs, you can rest assured I would not have sent it."

\* \* \*

THE LATE L. M. HAMLEN.—Philatelists everywhere, will deeply regret the loss of their brother in the improving science of Philately, the late Mr. L. M. Hamlen, of Augusta, Me., publisher of *The Capital City Philatelist*. He was a young man, 21 years of age, and the paper to which he devoted so much of his valuable time and strove so unceasingly to advance, was within a month of the second anniversary of its commencement. The loss of one who has gained prominence for his proficiency in any profession or science through study and research causes a void not easily or readily filled, and he will be missed by the Philatelists of the country.

\* \* \*

MORE PROOF THAT IT PAYS.—F. W. Horrocks, of Portsmouth, N. H., says he sold one party \$20.00 worth of stamps by placing an ad. in PLAIN TALK. Write him for results.

\* \* \*

PLACE THE ACCOUNT IN OUR HANDS.—All stamp dealers who have claims against collectors, for approval sheets, which they have been unable to collect, are invited to send a statement of the account to us with full particulars of when the sheet was sent; its value; commission allowed, if any; length of time allowed to make returns; when written to and the nature of replies or promises. We will make an effort to collect same in an original way, which probably no dealers employ, and if we too are unsuccessful in recovering the money we will publish the frauds if desired. All this we will do without cost to dealers, except disbursements for postage, etc., actually made, and then *only* if we are successful. We desire to lend our aid to check the wholesale thieving of approval sheets.



## THE CHEEK OF IT GENERALLY.

"Good morning, Mr. Sugarsand, I've been appointed one of a Committee to solicit advertisements for a paper we are to get out in connection with the fair to be given at our Church, next month, and have called on you to get you to take an inch. I know you will, for you have the reputation of being a liberal man, and the price of an inch advertisement is only \$12.00 and just think of the good it will do you! We shall print 250 copies of the paper and have some of the Sunday school children stand at the door and give them to each person as they enter the vestry. Everybody that reads your advertisement will buy their groceries of you. I know you won't refuse, so I'll put down for one inch right here under the space set apart for a directory of the church and Sunday school officers. This is a choice position, and you can pay now if you like. Thanks. And now while I am here, I might as well ask you to take a few tickets. They are only ten cents each. I know you will want twenty—that's only two dollars. You are very kind. Thanks. And, Mr. Sugarsand, as this fair is being given for a worthy object (we are going to refurnish the parsonage, the old furniture is so awfully out of date, you know) couldn't you denote something, say, a barrel of flour, a ham, a couple of boxes of raisins, a box of laundry soap, some canned fruits and a few little articles such as these. They don't cost you near as much as you sell them at, and you wouldn't miss them, you know. You will? Well that is kind. I think I'm having good success. Of course we shall want scales to weigh those things you give us, and wrapping paper to do up the packages in, and a scoop to take up the flour with. You can lend them to us, too, can't you? And when your man brings the things you have so generously given, he can take a party of us out to the woods to get a load of evergreens, just as well as not. It will save hiring anyone to do it too, and that's what we are trying to do—save expense—so that we can have it to say that our fair paid better than all the others in this vicinity. Well, I think that is all. Oh! I nearly forgot! Couldn't you make it convenient to take charge of the grocery table yourself? The fair will last only six days, unless we find it necessary to extend the time in order to dispose of all the articles. You know no one like a groceryman knows so well how to—to—well, skimp on weight you know. Well that's all. I must go now, as I want to get more advertising and donations. Good bye, and many thanks."

The groceryman goes behind the counter, and

as he soaks his head in the pickle barrel thinks unto himself: "One more visit such as that and I am a ruined man. Asked to advertise my goods in a paper where it will do me not a cent's worth of good and then to donate fifty dollars' worth of stock, and then to be asked to sell it for them! Verily, the way of the groceryman is tough!"

## PLAIN TALK FAMILY RECIPES.

**CRIPPLED GEESE.**—Cripple two comical geese with an ax; put the ax over to boil; stuff the geese with frankfurters and sauerkraut; let the geese remain in the oven until they lay eggs—they lay eggs because they can't lay brass buttons. When the geese are done hard and brown you will find them to be nice pair of Indian clubs.

**SCRAMBLED HASLET.**—Grapple with a haslet until it is subdued—but it must be done under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. If the haslet is very old you can claim a foul, a foul haslet will knock any man out, even John L. Sullivan. If you succeed in scrambling a healthy haslet, boil it down in a hat full of bolivars. When the bolivars begin to swell, yank out the haslet, which will be hard as a rock; you will find that you have made a cannon ball without being aware of the fact at the time.

**BLACK SNAPPER.**—Buy or steal a large black snapper, soak it in seltzer water for six seconds and put it in the oven. If you visit the family doctor and ask him candidly if you are of sound mind, in all probability he will pronounce you decidedly insane for soaking a snapper in seltzer water, but the writer of these recipes knows what he is about, and if there is anybody around, that's sick, looking for fight, he can drop a note to this office.

DINKPAN.

An old apple woman had 60 apples to sell at 5 for 2 cents, which would give her 24 cents. They did not sell readily, as two cent customers were scarce, so she parcelled them out to penny customers. She sold 30, or half the lot, at 3 for 1 cent, giving her 10 cents, and the other 30 at 2 for 1 cent, giving her 15 cents, yielding her by such disposal, 25 cents, or 1 cent more than if she had sold them at the rate of 5 for two cents; and yet, for every 5 apples sold she received but 2 cents. We will give, free, one year's subscription to *PLAIN TALK* to the person giving the best explained reasons why the receipts from the sales of the 60 apples is not the same in both cases.



## BEWARE OF "SPEC." TOYS.

We do not wish to mangle the cherished hopes of the expectant kid, but it's a plain unvarnished fact that Santa Claus has lately been seen on Vesey street, N. Y. securing job lots of toys wherever he could find them. In one lot 60 red-headed cross-eyed dolls and a yellow poodle, with no tail was discovered. Who ever saw a *yellow* poodle with no tail? If there *was* a real live poodle so unfortunate as to be without one, somebody would be thoughtful enough to putty another one on.

In another job lot were found 10 green horses, and all of them walking backward, their heads having been fastened on the wrong end. Now who ever saw a horse with his head where his tail ought to be? A live horse of this character might possibly be used to some advantage, attached to a street car. The horse being hitched so as to pull the car would naturally or unnaturally have his head over the dash-board. On his head might be placed a sign reading "Drop fare in horse's right ear, as he makes change with the left. City Directory will be found in horse's mouth." This could be easily done if the animal was anyway bright at all.

Nevertheless, times are hard, and Santa Claus may be a little pinched, or his men may be on a strike, but specked toys ought to be boycotted.

DINKPAN.

Before the war in some parts of Eastern Virginia the Negroes were compelled to sit in the galleries of the churches, while the white people occupied the pews in the body of the edifice, and were allowed to take communion only after their masters and mistresses had partaken. On one occasion an old darkey, a recent convert, was the first among those in the gallery to have the cup and plate passed to him. With one gulp he emptied the cup, and as he reached for the bread, looked up into the deacon's face, and with piety in every lineament of his countenance solemnly whispered: "Mars. George I love my Jesus so I could drink a quart 'Deed I do!"

"How do you know these are good cigars?" inquired the customer of the young lady at the cigar stand, "you certainly don't smoke."

"I have the word of Mr. Seedleaf. He says they are extra nice."

"Who's Mr. Seedleaf?"

"He's the proprietor of this stand."

"Ah, yes. Well I think I will try some other brand."

We Americans estimate a man's wealth by the number of dollars he possesses. In Italy they reckon by the number of liras. This accounts for the large number of lawyers in that country.

"I've traveled in foreign lands so much and seen so many ruins, that I've come to look upon a ruin as an essential part of my existence," was the rejoinder of a young lady, when rallied about having married an old man.

Philatelists who appreciate a good thing when they see it, subscribe to PLAIN TALK. It's a LEADER.

We don't object to stamps (1 and 2 cent) in payment for subscriptions, though postal notes are preferable when it is just as convenient for you.

Why is a woman's mouth like a gun? Because it's so apt to go off when you don't think it's loaded.

1877 C. J. FUELSCHER, 1886

—DEALER IN—

RARE U. S. & FOREIGN STAMPS  
ONLY

Approval sheets of choice stamps sent to any reliable party. No commission on U. S. Stamps but will allow 33 1-3 per cent. on foreign stamps. Those collectors sending good references will receive my special attention. Address all communications to.

C. J. FUELSCHER,

Sixth and Washington Aves.,

St. LOUIS, MO.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA STAMPS  
A SPECIALTY.

Books on approval sent to collectors upon receipt of good refer's.

SEND FOR A COMPLETE SET OF GIBRALTAR STAMPS.

FOR \$1.25 PER SET.

GEORGE F. STEIN.

No. 1 LAWRENCE PLACE,

TROY, NEW YORK.

## SPECIAL OFFER!

Any one of the following Specimens

ONLY 4 CENTS, OR ANY FIVE FOR 12 CENTS.

Star-fish, Sea Urchin, Crab-back, Coral, Sea-moss, 3 fine Sea-shells, Abalone shell (postage acts, extra), 2 Crinoid stems, 2 Fossil shells, War Note, War Token, 3 Foreign Coins, Chinese Newspaper, Coin or Lottery Ticket, Danish, Spanish or French Newspaper.

THOMPSON &amp; CO.,

20,7 JACKSON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mention this paper.

WANTED

of Collectors of Revenue Stamps, Confederate Money, Curiosities, etc.



FOR SALE—Indian Relics, post-paid. Flint Points, good, per doz. 60c. fair, 30c., poor, 15c. Quartz Points, 60c. Flint Scrapers, 60c. Fine, Ungrooved Stone Axe, each, 30c. Trilobites, each, 30c. Lists for stamps. MERCEY, 147 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O.

## PEN GUIDE!

For 10 cts silver I will send you post-paid my patent Penmanship Guide, Nickel plated, makes you hold your pen in correct position. Give ring size of your first and fourth fingers of writing hand on slip of paper. Agents wanted. Prof. IGNAZ BERGMANN,

Fort Madison, Iowa.



## BARGAINS!

1000 EXTRA WELL MIXED STAMPS, AS IMPORTED 18c.  
500 SAME ORDER, 10c.  
100 VARIETIES, A SPLENDID LOT, ONLY 9c.

POSTPAID TO ANY ADDRESS  
IN THE U. S. OR CANADA.

## APPROVAL SHEETS

AT

25 PER CENT. COMMISSION.

GOOD REFERENCE REQUIRED.

Everyone who sends once always "comes again," they like them so well. Just try them for fun.

**E. R. HASBROUCK, Stamp Dealer.**  
287 Grand Street, - - - NEWBURGH, N. Y.

## LOOK! LOOK!!

**AGENTS WANTED** To sell from my Approval Sheets choice stamps of Corea, Macau, Siam, etc., at 33 1-3 per cent commission. To agents who sell \$20 worth, a Scott's stamp album worth \$1.50. Best of reference wanted. 100 mixed stamps 10c. 100 varieties, a fine lot, 25c.

U.S. stamps of 1851, 1857, 1869, and Departments wanted for cash or exchange.

**F. W. HORROCKS,**

(SUCCESSOR TO HORROCKS & MARSTON.)

Box 625, PORTSMOUTH, N. H'

## HOLIDAY OFFER!

### UNUSED SETS.

Baden Land, Post, 3 variet's. 6c. Heligoland, 1867, 8 variet's 20c.  
Bergedorf, 5 " 10c. Roman States, 7 " 12c.  
Constantinople, 3 " 6c. Siam, 5 " 85c.  
Guatemala, 1875, 4 " 22c. 250 Extra Foreign Stamps, 6c.  
50 Extra variety Foreign Stamps, 3 cents.

**SEND FOR ONE OF MY APPROVAL SHEETS,**  
Which are the BEST and CHEAPEST, 25 and 33 1-3 per cent com'n.  
REFERENCE REQUIRED.

### A PRESENT

To everyone that answers this I will present FREE two Unused Stamps. Send for Price List. Try me. Address

**F. N. MASSOTH, Jr. Dealer in Foreign Stamps**  
HANOVER CENTRE, INDIANA.

## W. B. CURTISS,

P. O. Box, 2675, New York City.

Bremen, 6 varieties complete, unused, \$ .40  
Corea, 5 " " " .75  
Cashmere, 5 " " " .50  
Native India Stamps, 6 var. unused, .35  
Transvaal, 1858, 5 var. complete, used, .30

Sent Postage Paid on Receipt of Price.

Order at once, as I have only a Limited number of the above sets.

1869. ESTABLISHED 17 YEARS. 1886.

**L. W. DURBIN,**  
**STAMP IMPORTER**  
AND  
**PUBLISHER,**  
FIFTH AND LIBRARY STS.,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The finest assortment of Genuine Stamps in the market at reasonable rates.

**PACKETS**,—10 stamps for 5c.; 10 for 2c.; 120 for 50c.; 250 for \$2.00; 370 for \$2.50; ALL DIFFERENT. Other packets 25c. to \$25.00.

**ALBUMS**,—From 28c. up.

**POSTAGE STAMP CATALOGUE**,—New edition 25c. In cloth binding 50c.

Everything required by Stamp Collectors always in stock. Send for circular satisfaction always guaranteed. Orders filled day of receipt.

**F. E. P. LYNDE,**  
P. O. Box 106, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
**DEALER IN FOREIGN STAMPS,**

Correspondence with advanced collectors desired. Always on hand a stock of choice varieties guaranteed genuine. Reference or deposit required.

## STAMPS.

**NEW PRICE LIST AND MEMORANDUM BOOK COMBINED,**  
NOW READY AND WILL BE  
MAILED FREE TO COLLECTORS

making application for it. Contents: Single Stamps, Sets, Packets and Albums. Prices down to rock bottom. Give me a trial and be convinced.

**A. LOHMEYER.**

DEALER IN U. S. AND FOREIGN STAMPS.

933 Milton Place,

BALTIMORE, MD.

## A GREAT CELEBRATION

IS PARTICIPATED IN DAILY BY THOSE WHO SEND TO

**FRED. Mc. C. SMITH,**

1428 Six'h Street, N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

For one of his unexcelled Approval Sheets, at 25 per cent. commission. Reference required. **Send at Once.**

**500** POSTAGE STAMPS and a JAPAN POSTAL, 1c.  
CHAS. A. TOWNSEND, AKRON, OHIO.

**STAMPS** AGENTS WANTED at 35 per cent. Reference required. Queen City Stamp Co. 169 York St. Cin'tl. O.

**25** PER CENT. Commission to Agents selling Stamps from my Approval S'ts. L.C. RICHARDSON, 116 Cedar st. Lawrence, Mass.

**100** Stamps, all different, for 14c., including unused Monaco. P. S. JOHNSON, 26 Winter Street, SALEM, MASS.

## CHRISTMAS MEDAL.

Obverse: Full Length Figure Representing

**KRISS KRINGLE.**

Reverse:

**LAUREL WREATH,**  
**MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR**  
SIZE, 1 1/4 INCHES IN DIAMETER.

White Metal. Fine Proof will be forwarded to any Address throughout the United States and Canada, on receipt of

**PRICE 10 CENTS.**

Remittances to be made either by Postal Note or Coin. Postage Stamps not accepted. Address, WM. H. WARNER & BRO., MEDALISTS, 1029 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa.



## "MIKADO"

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call especial notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equaled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country.

We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Ulmar, as	"Yum Yum."
Misses Ulmar, Foster and St. Maur, as	"Three Little Maids from School."
Kate Foster, as	"Pitti Sing."
George Thorne, as	"Ko Ko."
Courtice Pounds, as	"Nanki-Poo."
Frederici, as	"Mikado."
Fred Billington, as	"Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each, but to anyone using our soap and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and *free of charge*.

In sending wrappers, fold them up like a newspaper, and mail them to us (Postage on them thus wrapped is only one cent.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left-hand corner of it: "Return to," etc., adding your full name and address.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## What's in a Name?

There's millions in it. Send 6 cents in stamps and have your name inserted in my

### AGENTS' ADDRESS SHEETS,

and you will receive thousands of catalogues, samples of merchandise, circulars, fancy cards, specimen copies of papers and everything you can think of. Write plainly. Address, WM. J. MYERS,

61½ PATCHEN AVE., BROOKLYN.  
STATION S, N. Y.

### GIVEN AWAY!

Ten Dollars. Five Dollars. One Dollar.

For 10 cents (in silver) we will insert your Name and Address in "THE AGENTS' DIRECTORY," now in preparation and to contain the Names and Addresses of 3,000 active agents, located in different sections of the country. Send you a copy and allow the above sum in Prizes, in accordance with the following:—We shall print 50 Names, P.O. Addresses, and the abbreviation of the states upon each page. To the Subscriber who guesses nearest to the number of letters found on Page 3 of Directory, \$10.00; to the next nearest, \$5.00; and to the one coming farthest from the correct number, \$1.00. Letters in competition for these Prizes must reach us on or before Nov. 10th, 1886. Now, no matter what your occupation, you cannot fail to be benefited by having your card in our Directory which will be mailed to all prominent advertisers, thereby insuring you first and best offer on all new goods, and keeping you POSTED as to new inventions, prices, &c. Each subscriber receives a copy of the Directory, which is a neat and substantially bound book, containing much valuable information in addition to the names and addresses. WM. ROBINSON, Lawrence, Mass.

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